

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

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NO. 7.

The Fate of the Nations.

Unfortunate Nations! You are on the verge of a great social metamorphosis which seems to be heralded by a universal commotion. It is now, indeed, that the times are big with hopes for the future, and that the excess of suffering must lead to the crisis that precedes recovery. To behold the repetition and the violence of political convulsions, it would seem as if Nature were making a supreme effort to shake off a burden which oppresses her. Wars and revolutions devastate successively every part of the globe. Political storms, for a moment lulled, break forth anew, multiplying like the heads of the hydra beneath the blows of Hercules. Peace is but a delusion, a momentary dream, and Industry, since an island of commercial monopolists and spoliators has embarrassed the intercourse of nations, discouraged the agriculture and manufactures of two continents, and transferred their workshops into nurseries of pauperism; Industry, I say, has become the scourge of the toiling millions. The commercial spirit has opened new fields to fraud and rapine, spreading war and devastation over two hemispheres and carrying the corruptions of civilized cupidity even into savage regions. Our ships circumnavigate the globe only to initiate Barbarians and Savages into our vices, our excesses, and our crimes. Thus Civilization is becoming more and more odious as it approaches its end. The earth presents only a frightful political chaos, and invokes the arm of another Hercules to purge it from the social abominations which disgrace it.—[*Fourier*.]

Let this be remembered: If a man is so placed that he cannot do his work, except in the face of special difficulties, then let him be praised, if he vanquish these in some decent measure, and if he do his work tolerably well.—[*Atlantic Monthly*.]

Individual sovereignty is the basis of all sovereignty.

Justice to the Negro.

They say that we should export four million of Unionists from these very States; that the only race which loves us, the only race which we can bind to us with hooks of steel, by only doing them—not justice; I would not desecrate the word. Justice! Justice to the negro would be to lay the wealth of the nation at his feet. Justice to the negro would be for the white race to put on sackcloth and ashes, and sit down at his feet, and beg pardon for the sins of six generations. Justice! It is that every white man should yield up every printed page, every college, every mansion, every convenience of civilization, bought by the blood and toil of the negro, and give them to the four million of slaves, using only what they leave. Justice! We do not begin to give the negro justice when we only give him his own right hand. My explanation of compensation is—I compensate the master, because he is helpless, and cannot take care of himself; I let the slave go free because he can. But the insane proposition is, that we should export the very fulcrum of the lever by which the nation is to be restored—the four million of people who are the only hope that this country ever can be one and indivisible again.—[*Wendell Phillips*.]

Charity.

Whilst there is in the mind and heart of every individual of the human family, a religious element which gives a coloring and character to the life, yet the direction, power and quality of this very potent element of our nature is affected largely, if not controllingly, by the organization we inherit, and the educational influences we are subject to. This being the case I would not review or criticise individuals, sects or churches, holding different religious views from mine, in any spirit of harshness or denunciation. I would aim to remove from man's pathway and progress, false ideas and soul-crushing institutions, while I would clasp to my "heart of hearts" the victims of falsehood, idolatry and superstition, and ever regard them as members of the great brotherhood of man.—[*Philip D. Moore*.]

So Long.

To conclude—I announce what comes after me,
The thought must be promulged, that all I
know at any time suffices for that time only—
not subsequent time;

I remember I said to myself at the winter-close
before my leaves sprang at all, that I would
become a candid and unloosed summer-poet,
I said I would raise my voice jocund and strong,
with reference to consummations.

When America does what was promised,
When each part is peopled with free people,
When there are plentiful athletic bards, inland
and seaboard,
When through These States walk a hundred mil-
lions of superb persons,
When the rest part away for superb persons, and
contribute to them,
When fathers, firm, unconstrained, open-eyed—
When the most perfect mothers denote Amer-
ica,
Then to me ripeness and conclusion.

Yet not me, after all—let none be content with
me,
I myself seek a man better than I am, or a wo-
man better than I am,
I invite defiance, and to make myself superseded,
All I have done, I would cheerfully give to be
trod under foot, if it might only be the soil of
superior poems.

I have established nothing for good,
I have but established these things, till things far-
ther onward shall be prepared to be established,
And I am myself the preparer of things farther
onward.

* * * * *

Once more I enforce you to give play to your-
self—and not depend on me, or on any one
but yourself,
Once more I proclaim the whole of America for
each individual, without exception.

As I have announced the true theory of the
youth, manhood, womanhood, of the States, I
adhere to it;

As I have announced myself on immortality, the
body, procreation, hauteur, prudence,

As I have announced each age for itself, this mo-
ment I set the example.

I demand the choicest edifices to destroy them:

Room! room! for new far-planning draughts-
men and engineers!

Clear the rubbish from the building-spots and
the paths!

So long!

I announce natural persons to arise,

I announce justice triumphant,

I announce uncompromising liberty and equal-
ity,

I announce the justification of candor, and the
justification of pride.

I announce that the identity of These States is a
single identity only,

I announce the Union more and more compact,

I announce splendors and majesties to make all
the previous politics of the earth insignificant.

I announce adhesiveness—I say it shall be limit-
less, unloosened,

I say you shall yet find the friend you was look-
ing for.

So long!

I announce a man or woman coming—perhaps
you are the one,

I announce a great individual, fluid as Nature,
chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed.

So long!

I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement,
spiritual, bold,

And I announce an old age that shall lightly and
joyfully meet its translation.

[Walt Whitman.

Musings.

Is devotion—communion with the Divine, or
prayer to a personal God, a mistake? There are
those who please themselves with the idea that the
world will outgrow its habits of worship—that the
apprehension of scientific laws will replace the fer-
vor of moral inspirations—that this sphere of being
will be perfectly administered when no reference to
another engages the attention. But never can the
world be less to us than when we make it all in all.
Faith is prior to knowledge, and deeper too. Science
can but play on the surface of unfathomable mys-
teries—wonder and reverence are the conditions of
insight and the source of strength; and in the order
of reality the ideal and the invisible is the world's
true adamant, and the laws of material appearance
only its alluvial growth. In the inmost thought
of men there is a thirst to which the springs of Na-
ture are a mere mirage, and which presses on to the
waters of Eternity.

How truly does the leader I am here following (Rev. James Martineau) say, "All that we inadequately call our ideals, the gleaming lights of good that visit us, the hopes that lift again our fallen wills, the beauty which Art cannot represent, the holiness which cannot die with death—what are they but the Divine, the living Guide Himself, pleading with us and asking for our trust?"

All visible greatness of mind grows in looking at an invisible that is greater. And is it conceivable that what is most sublime in humanity should spring from vision of that which is not?

Prayer is neither the work nor the play of our nature, but is something higher than either; more ideal than one, more real than the other. It is not the play of even the higher faculties, but their deep earnest, and is impossible without an object. He who prays is at the beginning of aspiration, not at the evaporating end of impulse. He is drawn, not driven. He is not painting himself upon vacancy but is surrendering himself to a presence real and everlasting. If he flings out his arms, it is not in blind paroxysms, but that he may embrace and be embraced. If he cries aloud, it is that he may be heard. If he makes melody of the silent heart, it is no soliloquy flung into emptiness, but the low breathing love of spirit to spirit.

Dr. Arnold truly says "It is necessary for the highest development of the soul, that it should have somewhere an object of entire reverence, enthroned above all possibility of doubt or criticism. The abuse which may be made of this sentiment is no argument against it—for imperfect beings learn by the misuse of all they use."

To and for man then there can be no other causation than the intelligent and voluntary; and in the last analysis cause and will in all the same thing.

Far be it from me to try to depreciate any well earned fame of Mr. Compton. As a scientific writer I read him with pleasure; but his dabbling in theology never has, and, I venture to say, never will add to his fame. For in it he has sunk himself below a theorist or critic down to a visionary, a fanatic, a dogmatist.

A recent writer has beautifully remarked that the most dangerous shoal of our times, was mind not profound enough to perceive and believe even what it cannot comprehend—whilst sailing "under sealed orders".

But vain and ridiculous is the pretense or effort to comprehend or understand everything involved in the Divine Nature. And our only relief is to reflect that *created* beings must always somewhere come to what is unknown and inexplicable. But we may be consoled by the reflection that it has its in-

terpreter in the Infinite Mind. But as inexhaustible as may be the nature of God—tremendous as may be the necessities it may involve, to our limited faculties—we can understand his character, manifested in "the meekness and gentleness of Christ". We may rest in a moral trust that nothing in his nature (when he shall make it plain) will be found incompatible with that character. Christ is Christianity, and reverence for him gives perception of truth in the idea of virtue and goodness which we could have got in no other way. Look at the conviction that has settled into the consciousness of the world, caused by the life and death of Christ. "Christian is the highest style of man." X. P.

Hotels.

It requires but a glance to discover something wrong in our social system when we see a man charged fifty cents, or one dollar for a dinner, or two dollars and fifty cents per pay for board, when the man is compelled to work all day at the hardest labor for one dollar or less. We at once perceive that the man who earns his money by labor (the most honorable way to earn it,) cannot eat at the best houses; and if he does not deserve it, who does? Shall we separate society into European classes or clans, and give the first and best places to the idle and lazy, or speculators and sharpers, who manage to get the earnings of others without toil, and send the laborers and true noblemen to the second, third, or fourth rate house and fare? Is this the democratic country where labor is honorable and fully rewarded? Are we not aping European society, and running on the same rocks which have and must founder every nation that oppresses and depresses its laborers? Can we not have best-class hotels, where laborers can fare as well as any person, and be able to pay for it? No man requires for one meal or one good lodging, more than he should earn in two hours at ordinary toil, and he needs very little waiting on at meals? Why should idlers need more of either? Is not that fare good enough for an idler that is suitable for a laborer? or does the former deserve more waiting on? It may be said he pays for it voluntarily and can afford to; but it is not so—he cannot afford to, and if he has robbed the laborers to get it, "all in a legal way," or if his ancestors earned it for him, he has no moral right to squander it in such useless expense as he incurs at a first-class hotel.

Either the wages of laborers should be raised so that a man can earn enough in a day to board four days at a first-class hotel, or the price of board should be reduced so that laborers can board there and fare as well as the extravagant, or laborers should be passed free, and let the rich pay for both. But if our system bears heavily on working men, how is it on working women? They must work a week to get a dinner or to board a day at a respecta-

ble hotel. Have we not degraded labor and woman with it, when we compel her to board, when not at work or when traveling on her earnings, at a low and disreputable house? Society has nearly robbed woman of all compensation for her labor, and then to close every avenue to a pure and virtuous life, shut her out of all decent places by fixing such prices that she cannot pay it, nor the honest laboring man either, and thus force her into dependence on the rich and idle, and then scandalize and disgrace her simply because she is not the wife of some rich man who can take her to the first-class houses and pay his and her bills from money earned and produced by the slaves or poor laborers who cannot afford to eat where it furnishes the board. It would be a blessing to this nation, or the people, if every first and second class hotel in the nation were taken to pieces and put up in cottages for the poor, and all parties prohibited ever opening another such extravagant station for travelers and boarders. No person traveling on business needs better fare than he or she gets at home, and there is no necessity of furnishing public houses better than private. Any family who has a dinner can afford to furnish an extra one to a traveler for a price ranging from five to twenty-five cents, and plenty of houses would be opened and ready to feed and lodge, well, and safely, and neatly, all the travelers, at prices they could afford to pay. The only sign I see of reform is the eating-house with bill-of-fare system, and this is liable to abuse, and is hardly respectable for females. But we must hope on and work on for reforms. Surely, "vigilance is the price of liberty."

WARREN CHASE.

Compromises and Compromisers.

To the Editor of the New Republic:—

[There are reasons for not forwarding just yet the argument pointed to at the close of my former paper. In the meantime, if the following extracts from a letter just written to a friend, are not more severe on the Government than you can give place to, they are at your service. I ask no indorsement. I deprecate no criticism. If I may be permitted to speak, be the responsibility my own, as much as may be, for the utterance of my own thoughts. Shall be happy to know, if I may yet know, that I have been mistaken, in any of my unfavorable views of individuals or measures.]

No more property-voting. No more fugitive-kidnapping. No more standing sentry for Southern sovereignty. No more Northern help to throttle and intrall from forty to fifty new-born infant Americans each hour of the day and each hour of the night—withholding from them letters, depriving them of knowledge, preventing their intellectual and moral culture, preparing them for subserviency to beastly lusts. All constitutional

obligation to aid and assist in this piratical, brutal business, has been removed by Slavery's doings during the past fifteen months. The responsibility is now on the Administration. The Federal Government is the slaveholder in this nation to-day. If William H. Seward & Co. don't do something now for freedom and humanity, better than to return and re-enact the compromises of 1789, it will be more infamous than anything yet done by Jefferson Davis & Co. These latter are the genuine, legitimate children of Slavery; and are acting with fidelity to their instincts. If Seward and Lincoln fail of fidelity to freedom and humanity, with their present opportunities furnished them by Slavery's forfeiture, their's will be treason blacker than midnight compared with blaze of noonday, by the side of that of which Davis and Stephens are guilty. The Federal Administration is to-day a hundred-fold more the hinderer of human enlargement than the Confederate. Seward and Chase want to be Presidents, whatever becomes of human rights, human freedom and the interests of the American people,—already bled and beggared to staggering and starvation, to gratify remorseless, rioting, rapacious politicians, conducting our press, commanding our armies, and dictating to us our laws,—and Lincoln is a Kentuckian, and but a moderate pattern of a second-class Kentuckian at that—much less an American—still less a man for the situation. Tell me not it is a sin to "speak evil of dignities" in this case and place. The dignity is wanting. Tell me not it is "putting" the people to an "open shame" for their choice. On the press and the politicians is the responsibility. Let them see to it. A year and more of such devotion to Slavery, and treachery to Freedom, should suffice.—One half of three years more of it would thrice ruin us. Such squandering of blood and treasure should not longer go for worse than nothing. Abraham Lincoln, on his way from Illinois to Washington, told the people, from time to time, that all depended on them. It is time for them to tell him to get out of their way,—that they feel like resuming the responsibility of putting a better man in his place,—unless he can do better himself than he has done.

* * * * *

I think the fighting is near through with for the present, on any large scale. Think the conspirators will make it their policy, still more than they have done, to get out of the way. Have never thought they intended war and fighting when they started—unless they could secure a divided North to help them with bullets as they had always helped them with ballots. And why was not their reasoning good? Why is not that which is fit to

vote for fit to fight for, to as many as hold to fighting? I am of the same opinion on that point now I was when I wrote the "Struggle of the Hour." In that I took the view that the South, having always brought the North to their terms with bluster and menace, expected to do it again. I think so still. Think that when they fired on Sumter they thought that that would effect an adjustment;—that they expected the North to be divided. I believe they are looking and working for that still; and it looks to me now too much as if they had too much ground for encouragement in that direction. At least it looks as if they had grounds for encouragement to expect compromises, to be obtained by threats of disunion from Northern traitors. These, of all traitors, are the worst—these who are willing and wishing to betray and sell us into slavery to Slavery again. I can conceive of nothing more execrable in human conduct. And, judging from Secretary Seward's instructions to our Foreign Ministers, in addition to his procuring the passage of an act by Congress to alter the Constitution in favor of Slavery, and to make the alteration "unalterable"—I am forced to think he has had nothing better in contemplation from the beginning. While on the stump at the North, he speaks for freedom, because that is his way to get Northern votes. In the Senate and in the Cabinet he will do anything to the contrary that he thinks will secure him additional votes. I do have to esteem him one of the most infamous and unconscionable of men. I would not deliberately take the life of any man, if I had other means of preventing his destroying the liberties and lives of others. But if it were imposed upon me to chain men to-day, to prevent destruction of human liberties and human lives, the first man on earth I would chain and "cast into outer darkness" for "weeping and gnashing of teeth," till freedom could be in the ascendant, would be Wm. H. Seward. The next would be Thurlow Weed. Then James Gordon Bennett. Then the Editors and Publishers of the Boston Courier—the N. Y. Journal of Commerce—the N. Y. Express—and a great number of others in the North, before I could stop to think of any one in the South.

The sooner we stop brooking menace from traitors to freedom and humanity in our midst and all around among us—the sooner we cease being governed by their threats of disunion—the sooner we know all about this disunion matter at home in the North—the better. Freedom is only getting weaker and weaker by our bowing basely to this most debasing and most disgracing of all slavery.

* * * * *

I see that England and Spain have withdrawn from the unholy alliance against Mexico, leaving France alone in that inglorious complication. I have just been thinking that *there* may be an opportunity for Jefferson Davis. Napoleon III is a man fit to league with Jefferson Davis; and Jefferson Davis may find himself in straits not to do better than to join that ambitious, treacherous monarch, in such an undertaking—with a view ultimately to taking off from United States territory. It would seem that Davis must banish himself somewhere. It is almost too much, to look for compromise to return him to Washington, and give another chance for such or a similar course of proceedings. Much as I apprehend from Northern treachery and perfidy, I can scarcely look for so much as that. But we have too many among us who would "rejoice with exceeding joy" at such a consummation.

ORSON S. MURRAY.

Foster's Crossings, Warren Co., May 10, '62.

Magnetism as a Medicine.

The human body, in its normal and healthy condition, is endowed with every requisite power. But by ignorant and negligent treatment, the natural and vital forces lose their just equilibrium, and the effects and consequences are soon visible in material prostrations, in severe pains, or in silent and insensible decomposition. What physicians term "nervous influence" is really nothing but the magnetic and interior life of the interior Soul. Animals, including men, have these magnetic endowments; and the principles of vital action, in both the human and animal kingdoms, are exactly and universally identical. A loss of vital action is nothing but a loss of balance between inherent forces, which are positive and negative, or magnetic and electrical. And yet we do not hold that the currents generated by the metallic or mineral battery can ever be made to act as a substitute, because the principles of Soul-life are as much more fine than atmospheric electricity, as the latter is finer and more delicate than the gross and turbulent water of our lakes.

Therefore we recommend the judicious use of human magnetism in nearly all cases of disease—especially the use of your own magnetic energy on different parts of your own body.

* * * * *

We prescribe different remedies merely as palliatives and aids to your final redemption from disease, and from the fear of death, but the radical remedy is still within your own individual organization.—
[Harbinger of Health.]

The one supreme claim upon every government is that of justice.—Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D.

"Somewhere."

GRANITE HILLS, May 14, 1862.

DEAR ED.—Bird, bee, and fragrant zephyr, have been trying to lure me out to enjoy the beauties of the morning; but I have steadfastly resisted the influence of Nature's attractions, that I might gather enjoyment and instruction from the columns of the N. R. which I received last evening. And I feel very confident that Nature will not resent my seeming neglect, but another day when I go out to visit her, will array herself in her brightest garment, sing me her latest songs, and open fresh flowers for my hair. For we are everlasting friends.—Nature and I. We do not make idols of each other, and therefore our affection does not suffer from disappointment. I know her capricious; know she will storm and bluster, sigh and weep; but because of that she is not less dear to me, for she is beautiful even in anger; and another time she will meet me with her face washed from tears, and song and laughter rippling from her throat. Of my own foibles she is not at all ignorant, but many times a day teaches my grieved spirit the lessons of patience and calmness, and gives me strength to gird on the armor of courage and resolution. With all my faults she loves me still.

I am sorry that the author of "Somewhere" should ever have expected to find in this life his ideal of all that is good, true, and beautiful. Such a delusive hope closes one's eyes to the agreeabilities and beauties of existence, and keeps them ever on the watch for imperfections. *Idols!* We have a right to create them, and it is well; for we reach up and develop, toward all that we love and worship. But it seems unkind to ourselves, and an injustice to any soul we love, to ever invest it with the attributes of perfection. Our spirits may be surprised or startled by the discovery of soul-blemishes in those we love; but is it kind to be shocked and driven back upon ourselves by such a discovery? Are we always sure in the recoil, to find less deformities in our own spirits than in those who have disappointed us, and who in their frankness, weakness, or fearlessness, have laid open the heart's inner leaves, revealing hidden errors? Is it just recompense for such a trust, is it true charity for such a weakness, to dig a grave in our affection, and lay the object of our disappointment there? to shatter the vase because there was a worm at the heart of one of the blossoms? to allow the sunburst of affection to darken, to bury the unfortunate one away from the love-light we so lavishly poured, the full radiance of which revealed their frailties to our vision?

No! no! let Love never weep or turn back,

though the "raven of disappointment" has his beak in our very hearts. We should fail to appreciate half the loveliness of "the fluttering dove with her olive branch of hope," were it not for the brooding shadow of this darker bird, whose hateful croakings, rightly interpreted, are words from the lips of Wisdom, a continual rebuke for continual folly. If the mantle of our Ideal has been rent by the angularities of the moral lunch-back, it is only another method which Wisdom takes to instruct us; and if we listen, she will say, "From the riches of your love weave a garment of tenderest charity and pity, that no deformity can destroy or wear away, and let the shrine at which you have worshipped be made beautiful by the clinging vine of your affection, the leaves of which shall drop cleansing dews, while the tenuous roots and rich 7 stools, growing more vigorously day by day, shall crowd out in their generous abundance every noxious weed."

Let us not turn the heart into a grave-yard for dead idols, but rather let us convert it into an asylum, that will not turn away one applicant whom Love has once let in. If diseased, let Love turn physician; if incurable, let Love pity, but never become wearied or disgusted. Let us gather up the broken vases, for though shattered, the scent of the roses will forever cling to them.

I imagine the heart of a Jesus grew warmer in its love toward all Humanity, because of the souls' imperfections; and could I sit at His feet to day, like a second Mary, I would not wish to hide from His kind eye one cankered spot in my spirit; for it was for the evil and imperfect that He died. The whole needed no physician.

I do not like blemishes, but yet I thank God there was sufficient imperfection in the world to cause a Savior to reveal himself—to cause God to manifest His most glorious attributes, even the boundlessness of His love. We think of Jesus as the highest pattern of goodness; then while we remember that he lived and died because of our sin-deformities, will not conscience offer a low rebuke to us for becoming sad and disappointed over the faults of weak Humanity? I love to think that in the next sphere, many a poor scurred soul will stand up and point out where the old earth-wounds were, the canker sores of sin, saying, "Christ's love hath healed them. All other affection grew selfish, or weary and disappointed; all other love failed because of my errors; but His was generous, immortal, and unchangeable."

I love enthusiasm, but not that which causes us to anticipate more than we have any reason to expect, and brings nothing but disappointment. We will be enthusiastic to accomplish something, be it

ever so little, for the cause of Truth and Progress. Glad to become but a grain of the heaven which shall raise Humanity to a worthier level. Glad to become but a drop of the pure stream which shall slowly but surely cleanse away the impurities of our social life. The person who would be a zealous and successful reformer, must so interpret the mystery of existence, that he will not be disgusted or disheartened at its evils; but at every new discovery of Wrong, gather fresh strength to enlarge the strong-holds of Right. Let us work patiently to develop every spiritual good, and evil will be sooner or later annihilated. Heaven give us an affection for our loved ones, that shall not wither at disappointment, that shall bring back no dead hopes for burial, that shall cling when the soul we worshipped has proved itself faulty and frail, that shall remain imperishable and immortal as the spirit itself, and searching into eternity, shall finally meet its objects, redeemed, purified, and perfected in moral beauty.

I sympathize with the feelings of the author of "Somewhere," when he observes the rich oppressing the poor, the strong trampling upon the rights of the weak. My eyes flash through tears every day at the thought of it; and then my heart turns from the man in "ragged homespun," and bestows a larger pity on the poor leprous souls who have made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments, for I know they need God's love and mercy. And they are such a trial to those kind, never knowing the joy that an humble, charitable, forgiving spirit gives to its possessor. Surely we need to pray in all earnestness for the cruel, arrogant soul.

Yes, God is just! and somewhere and sometime we shall find those ideals which we so long to meet, and at whom that we would pour in one passionate wave the vengeful tide of love. But they will be the men and women of to-day, who like ourselves have come up out of much folly, darkness, and error, and have learned to praise God for the trials that led them to seek rest and refuge in His bosom.

I will close this article by hoping that the author of "Somewhere" will pardon one of the weaker sex for expressing opinions that seem to differ from his own; but the truth is, I long to have as many of my friends as possible locate themselves on the sunny side of existence. Yours, &c.,

АЕМСЕКА.

A Letter.

DEAR BROTHER F.—I have received the first numbers of the New Republic. Now I believe according to Webster, when applied to governments is emblematic and significant of the death of the old. Well let the old crazy craft go down, provided it carries with it its immense freight of wounded and crippled politicians and its ponderous cargo of cankering and festering institutions. Our old Ship of State has long since ceased to subserve the good of

its crew, and should have been scuttled and sunk long ago. Our only hope is that there will arise from the ocean depth, where the old ship lies foundered, from the disgusting insensible chrysalis and aurelian state of this fast crumbling and decaying Government, a Republic that will like the real diamond shine with unmistakable brilliancy all its own. A Government founded on the everlasting principles of Freedom, Justice, Truth and Purity, with its highest attribute the ever crucified angelic principle of love. For alas, how little has this principle, this combination of all principles, been cherished by the old. In short, a real live state of things, where women and negroes can have the same right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that white folks have. As the watchword and battle cry of old General Fogy and his Simon pure minions has ever been, "crucify, crucify," and as the public mind has become so thoroughly imbued with the popular sovereignty idea that the majority no matter how corrupt or to what end, have an indisputable right to oppress and outrage the minority, and as the suppression and crushing out of every new born idea is ever the order and mandate of the old, it seems like a hopeless task to undertake to bring before the masses and present in its proper light a true form of Government, and its legitimate province power and prerogatives, a government founded on the principles of strict justice, where the sovereignty of the individual will be recognized and respected; one that will study, seek out and subserve the laws of Nature instead of vice versa. For these reasons I am heartily glad the New Republic has made its appearance. Its birth has not been one hour premature, and its advent will be hailed by many with shouts and hosannas of rejoicing. The times demand a medium through whose pages the soul that has been immersed in the Baptismal fount of the new life can respond to soul; where mind can answer mind and heart embrace heart. Although for years the old storm-cloud of war has been getting up its artillery to drench our country in blood and war, carnage and death are spreading wide desolation over our sister States, and dear old Mother Earth seems just as willing to drink the blood of her loyal as her rebellious sons, yet the great God of the Universe is ever unfolding in the breast of the truth seeker a knowledge of the Higher Law and proclaiming to him in tones of thunder to stand firm, that as surely as nature and truth are Omnipotent there shall from amid this chaos and desolation, in despite of all mockers and scoffers, germinate and spring into new life a system of justice and equity that will bring the blush of shame to the cheek of all despots who have hitherto taken a part in framing and administering the iniquitous nigger and woman gag laws of this old rotting, tumble down government. Yours for the good time coming,

Mrs. LUCINE M. POOL.

Delta, Fulton Co., O.

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NEW REPUBLIC,
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

The Constitution.

We have the pleasure of copying a very valuable article this week, from the Cincinnati Times; interesting mainly on account of its clear and bold exposition of the weakness and folly of paying a blind, idolatrous homage to a mere instrument; and that too independent of its use and intrinsic worth. We frankly confess that we have no reverence for the Constitution, any farther than it is calculated to subserve the public good. When people learn to reverence parchments less than justice and human weal, then may humanity and our country hope—the day of redemption has come. And when so popular and influential a journal as the Times talks in such a strain, it betokens light breaking in upon the understanding of the people, forever before darkened, and blinded by a superstitious reverence for forms and institutions, sacred and worthy to be honored only because of their antiquity.

We may have been understood as cherishing a great deal of regard for the Constitution, from the fact that we have earnestly counseled against recklessly and lawlessly acting in violation of its provisions. We accept this statement. We reverence all things good, but only for their uses; only so far as they promote order and justice and well-being. Is the Constitution of the United States worthy to be acknowledged as the Constitution of a free government of a free people? If so let some heed be paid to it; if really this Nation is something more than a boy's debating society.

We are, therefore, neither inclined on the one hand to stupidly adhere to lifeless forms and superannuated institutions; nor on the other to rush with disorderly zeal into measures which have neither the merit of being orderly, or revolutionary, but are simply disorderly. Whether we shall agree exactly with the Times in regard to "ventilating" the Constitution, we cannot say. We copied the article mainly because it shows up, very happily, the weakness and stupidity of the almost universal, but now fast disappearing, blind reverence for that instrument. The Constitution is nothing any farther than it is of use. If we can do better than to retain it, we are unwise if we do not do the better thing. It is no disrespect to the Constitution, or its framers, to conclude that it will not answer the demand in an emergency which they never contemplated.

Our position is this: Constitutions and forms of government are valuable, and worthy of reverence, just so far as, for the time being, they serve humanity. They have no claims to our acceptance any farther, or for one moment longer, than they answer this end. So long as we need a constitution and form of government, and so long and so far as the present seems to answer its design, so long let us act like men and not like boys; let us give the instrument a fair construction, and abide by it. When in the "progress of human events," in the language of the venerated Jefferson, it appears that the present forms have fulfilled their mission, then let us, in an orderly manner, go to work like men determined on a bold purpose to ensure the country's weal, and establish such governmental arrangements as the age and condition of the times demand.

Nor, as we have repeatedly averred, do we hold that any man is for one moment bound to violate his conscience, or lend a deaf ear to the demands of justice and humanity, simply because the organic law of the land so decrees. If all the constitutions and statutes in the Universe, were to demand so cowardly and dastardly a thing as to help, in person or by proxy, to thrust a human being worthy of freedom because desiring it, back into slavery, it would not involve the shade of a shadow of obligation to do it. Governments are to protect rights, and they are deserving of obedience only when and so far as they do protect them. We only insist that law and order should be observed, and no proceedings instituted loosely. We would have a revolution orderly.

Now the present is an epoch, a crisis, in the events of the world, surpassing even the Revolution of '76. He who does not see that great political changes are among the inevitable necessities of the times, can hardly look with half an open eye. That a radical reconstruction is among the inevitables, is our confident belief. It is our work, now, to do the little in our power to prepare the public mind to engage wisely in the work of reconstruction, when the time, in the natural order of events, arrives. There is no need of saying a single word to hasten that time. Our work is, prophetic, preparatory, constructive, each in order; but never a moment now, destructive or revolutionary. A revolution, radical, and to the outward eye, fearful enough, is among the inevitables. It does not need any of our hastening. The work now for those who see it, is to promote order, and calmness, and fraternity, and clear seeing. So may we be conducted safely over the yawning abyss, safely through the fearful storm.

Our friend Murray suggests that President Lincoln ought to be superseded. We do not think so. We do not vote for such men as Lincoln, much less such as Seward. But we do think they are appropriate for their present position. A very clear-seeing man once said, "Put not new wine into old bottles." He evidently saw deep into the principles that underlie the construction of things. Let us have no

patching of new cloth onto an old garment. The old order of things has had its time, or rather it is having its time! Why talk harshly in the ear of the dying? He who believes in the eternal Wisdom will not doubt that the past and passing are all of use. Let us not quarrel with the stepping stones to a higher and better order of things. I will speak and feel kindly of Lincoln. In his sphere he is a great and good man. He is God-appointed to fill an important post in the transition. The great Wisdom would not have even a Fremont in his place. The old is groaning, dying; let us be appreciative and respectful, and mind we do not make a noise at the funeral. We are not of them who will weep that the dead past cannot be embalmed and decreed the living present and the eternal future; but let us doff our hats at the grave, and speak kindly to the mourners. Only by calmness and steady nerve, in this hour of peril, shall we prove fit to be the constructors of the "to come." The present does not need agitators. Let us not "carry coals to Newcastle." Destruction is written in letters of blood on the walls of the corrupt institutions of the past. We have only to aid in rearing the beautiful Temple of Freedom within whose ample walls all humanity may find shelter and rest.

Magnetism.

We intend to copy now and then, from that very valuable work the Harbinger of Health, which may be procured, and should be by every family, by sending one dollar to A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, New York.

There is no more important truth than that embodied in the extract we make this week. Life is the vivifying influence of refined substance, spiritual elements or magnetism, upon gross matter. Gross matter is negative to magnetism or spirit and entirely subject to it. If the spiritual conditions are natural, the health, and well-being, and perfection of the body is secured. The most stupid, dwarfing and palsying ignorance on this subject, almost universally prevails. Ignorance is always the mother of prejudice, hence the stupid cry that is made against what may be really the most imperative demand of both body and spirit, because liable to come in opposition to arbitrary rules handed down from the past, and founded in the ignorance and superstition of the Dark Ages.

Health of body and sanity of mind equally depend upon securing and maintaining an equilibrium of the spiritual or magnetic forces. And fortunate for humanity it requires no profound knowledge of science to enable us to obey the laws governing in this department. Nature has written her mandates all over her works, has stamped her laws indelibly on the constitution of every animate and inanimate existence. Flower, tree, animal, obey these laws, and secure that health, and perfection of structure denied to the higher order of beings, made stupid by inculca-

tion of the arbitrary moralities. See that glorious tree yonder, sending its thousand spiritual feelers upward, outward and downward, seeking and finding in infinite variety the spiritual elements that go to make up its perfection of structure and existence. Go under its rich shade, and feel the flush of its overflowing spirit, drink in the life-giving elements emanating so benevolently yet spontaneously from its countless spiritual pores, and pray that you may become as wise, and so well improve your opportunities, as heedless of the censure of the stupid, and as perfect in your sphere as it is in its!

The conditions of health, as Mr. Davis well remarks, are within each individual organization; yet each individual is dependent upon other organizations to supply the elements necessary to secure and maintain the equilibrium upon which not only perfection, physical, spiritual, moral, intellectual, affectional; but life itself depends. We derive spiritual elements from food, air, water, flowers, trees, but especially from animate organizations, whether in or out of the tangible form. The Eternal Laws have indicated how we should come into relation to all these, and our damnation is as complete and lasting as our disregard of these indications.

The whole question of Marriage, and the relation of the sexes, comes under this head. No more ruin is brought upon the race, by no means is health and happiness more destroyed, than by the outrageous and persistent violations of the spiritual and physical laws necessitated by an observance of the arbitrary arrangements society imposes in this department. Thousands are dragging out a miserable existence, sustaining the falsest and most degrading relations, living in a spiritual atmosphere poisonous and destructive, rather than healthfulizing and soul-feeding; diseased in body, dwarfed and shriveled in spirit, victims of ignorance and a barbarous morality.

This is an extensive subject, and one we may not have time to discuss thoroughly at present. It is a source of deep satisfaction to us that we are enabled to lay before our readers so much truth and light as is contained in the "Physiological Series" by Prof. Powell, in this Journal. As time and opportunity offers, we mean to give this subject a thorough "ventilation," present the thoughts of the clearest and bravest minds, and if possible ascertain the means by which the happiness and well-being, health, purity and perfection of the race are to be secured.

Correction.

The Mayflower, published at Peru, Ind., was put down in our list of Reform Journals as a Monthly. It is a Semi-Monthly, and a good paper it is. May it have abundant success, and may this prayer, and correction, atone for our carelessness.

There is no elevation except through development, and there is no development except in freedom.

Physiological Series.

BY W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REMOTE CAUSE OF SCROFULOUS FORMS OF DISEASE.

These forms of disease have been the scourge of our race through every period of its history, and yet nothing more is now known of their remote cause than was when the first case came under professional observation. Some may think this a bold declaration, nevertheless it is true, and I will make it to appear before I conclude. From the nature of this subject, it may be, by some, thought to be more adapted to a medical journal than to a merely news or literary one. If I were writing exclusively for medical readers then a medical journal would be its appropriate place, but as it is the people whom I desire to enlighten, because they are directly interested—from the treatment my discovery has received from my profession, I have ceased to entertain any expectation that it will give any attention to it, till I have been dead a century—but if I can induce the people to give some of their attention to it, its great importance will not be lost—I will not have labored for no purpose.

The popular opinion, both in and out of the profession, is, that scrofula in any form obtains only as a consequence of some inherited depravity of the constitution, from constitutionally depraved ancestors, either proximate or remote, but this opinion is erroneous. Professor Eberle, in his *Practice*, p. 754, says "that scrofula, or rather an especial predisposition to this disease, is one of those constitutional habits or tendencies which often occur in children as an hereditary diathesis. This, however, is, by no means, the only source of the scrofulous habit; for that it may be generated in individuals originally of sound constitutions, and born of parents perfectly healthy in this respect, by various external influences, admits of no doubt."

That perfectly healthy parents do lose their children by scrofulous forms of disease is a fact no observer can doubt, but what is the cause of scrofula in children of "perfectly" healthy parents? The causes assigned by much distinguished authority, are scanty and imperfect food, imperfect ventilation and a residence in a cold and humid atmosphere. It is not certainly known that either or all of these agents can produce a scrofulous disease, in a normally sound constitution, nor do I believe or admit that they can.

If the causes above assigned for the production of scrofula were capable of producing it, then our Indian tribes and frontier populations ought to be notoriously scrofulous, but they are not; and the Irish, too, should have long since been distinguished as a scrofulous people, nevertheless, they are not. Scrofulous forms of disease do not constitute the scourge of the poor and improvident—indeed those forms of

disease are very rarely found associated with scanty and imperfect food, imperfect ventilation or exposure to cold and humidity—they prefer the society of the affluent and provident.

The English people are notoriously generous and comfortable liver, and they are also distinguished for being a scrofulous people; and our New England people are universally admitted to be a thrifty and comfortable living people, and yet they are a notoriously scrofulous people. Boston, the Athens of our country, is as much distinguished for scrofula as New Orleans for yellow fever. It is now apparent that scrofula does not obtain most where the assumed causes most prevail.

Prof. Eberle's observations satisfied him that sound and healthy parents, in whose ancestry no scrofulous taint obtained, frequently lost their children by scrofulous forms of disease, hence he was forced to conclude that there must be some other cause of scrofula than an inherited diathesis, but he does not indicate what this other cause is, farther than that it consists "in various external influences."

If the first scrofulous children I observed, whose parents were "perfectly" sound and healthy, had been surrounded by the indices of those external influences, which have been by my respectable authority assumed as adequate causes, I would probably have concluded that the cases I had observed had been thus produced, and in that event I would not have made the discovery of the true cause. Professor Wood, of Philadelphia, in his *Practice*, expresses the opinion that the mass of mankind might be exposed to the assigned "external influences," even to the production of fatal results, and yet scrofula would not result. This is precisely my own conviction, and I am gratified by finding myself sustained by a medical observer of so much ability.

He thinks as I do that the "external influences" before named may prove to be exciting causes of this form of disease, in a constitution that has a tendency to it; but its constitutional tendency he thinks must be derived from the parents, but how or wherefore he knows not. I do; his conclusion, however, as to the fact, is correct.

The first cases of scrofula I saw in children of "perfectly" sound and healthy parents, being entirely dissociated with the above named external influences, forced my mind to the conviction that there was some physiological movement in the economy of man, which, as yet, was unknown, and I resolved to discover it; and for the purpose I abandoned everything else, for the time. I succeeded—I made the discovery I sought,—that is I discovered the remote cause of all scrofulous forms of disease, or in other words the cause of that constitutional peculiarity which is derived from parents, and which as Professor Wood teaches, must underlie or constitute the basis of all scrofulous forms of disease.

I admit with Prof. Eberle that the most "perfectly healthy and sound parents" do lose their child-

ren by scrofulous forms of disease; but I do not admit with him that certain external influences can produce a scrofulous habit or tendency of the constitution; but I agree with Prof. Wood that a peculiarity of constitution derived from the parents must form the basis of all scrofulous forms of disease, and that without this derived peculiarity of constitution, no scrofulous forms of disease can result. The most that external influences can do is to excite the derived peculiarity into some active form of disease.

The first scrofulous form of disease that ever happened must have had a remote as well as an exciting cause, and that remote cause was not an hereditary transmission from a scrofulous progenitor, because the disease or a constitutional tendency to it must have obtained before it could be transmitted, and the remote cause of the first case may and probably has produced millions of cases since, and by hereditary transmission scrofulous forms of disease may have become greatly multiplied. It must now be clear to my readers that I have made good my declaration that nothing more is now known of the remote cause of scrofula than was known when the first case of it came under medical observation. I have discovered it, and have demonstrated the fact, and as an evidence of the fact I refer to the preceding 3d chapter.

The cause of that constitutional tendency to scrofula which must, in the opinion of Prof. Wood, be derived from the parents, is physiological incompatibility between progenitors. And every individual member of society is liable to contract such a marriage; and it will be the merest accident if they do not. Indeed ninety per cent. of our young people are eleven times more liable to contract an incompatible marriage than a compatible one; hence, as a consequence society is filled with domestic disappointment and scrofulous children.

As an additional illustration to those presented in my third chapter I will here present the history of the most remarkable case I ever met with.

A little more than two years ago a Rev'd gentleman who is distinguished for both learning and ability, called on me and upon entering the door of my study, addressed me thus: "Are you Prof. Powell?" I responded, "I am." He continued: "I have been informed by some of my city friends that you have made a very remarkable discovery in human philosophy, and as represented to me I feel interested in it, and hence called for the purpose of being more definitely informed in relation to it, by yourself, if it will be agreeable to you." In answer I assured him that it would be entirely agreeable, and seated him. I explained to him the physiological character of my discovery and did not find the effort difficult as I discovered him to be well informed in relation to physiology. At the conclusion of my explanation he requested permission to give me a description of his wife. I granted it, and he described her person, complexion, &c., and then desired my

opinion of her temperament. I responded, "I infer it to be bilious lymphatic, with a predominance of the bilious." He added, "just so, Sir. I think you are right; that has always been my opinion." He continued, "Now, Sir, what is my temperament?" I responded, "sanguine bilious encephalic, with a large predominance of the sanguine bilious." He continued, "Now, Sir, will you please to give me your opinion of my children?" I responded affirmatively, and remarked thus: "I think it probable that you have had a numerous progeny, and that they lived with a respectably fair promise of life and usefulness to adult age, and then, Sir, they began to assume a less viable appearance, and that all of them died before attaining the age of thirty years respectively, of phthisis pulmonalis." At this moment he rose to his feet stamping and exclaiming, "Stop Sir! Stop Sir! Stop!" I stopped, when he remarked, "I wish to inform you that a more sound and healthy couple than my wife and myself cannot be found in our country, and that consumption was never in the ancestry of either of us." I rejoined, "I assumed all that as being the fact before indicating any opinion, and now repeat that your children are all dead or will die as I have stated."

He continued, "I have been a physiological reader all my life, and all the authors I have read agree in stating that when both progenitors have sound constitutions and good health their children will possess a similar condition. What will you do with all this authority against you?" I responded, "when I have the facts, and a knowledge of the laws that govern them, I admit no authority to be superior to my own, and in this relation no authority has with me the weight or value of the thistle's head. I will now add, Sir, that the physiological opinion to which you have referred is true with one important qualification." He asked, "what is that if you please?" I answered, "the parties must not only have good health and sound constitutions but they must also be physiologically compatible. The health and constitution of you and your wife, respectively, may have been as you have represented, but Sir, your physiological incompatibility has blighted all your hopes in relation to your children." He continued, "I have your opinion, have I?" I answered, "you have, Sir." He rejoined, "well Sir, I will give you the facts. My wife has brought me just one dozen children, and they lived with a usually fair promise of usefulness to adult age, and then some of them married and had children, and yet Sir, although an old man, I am childless; not one of them lived to the age of thirty years."

After a considerable pause he continued, "I can readily admit that you have made a very valuable discovery; you have demonstrated that much of what has hitherto been regarded as physiological science is entirely erroneous—you have discovered that the soundest progenitors in our country may under the most favorable circumstances of life lose

all their children from scrofulous forms of disease; but Sir, I cannot conceive how you have been able to reduce a subject of this nature to such a discriminating precision as you have manifested in relation to my family." I responded, "you must remember Sir that I have had it under investigation for sixteen years." He rejoined, "no matter Sir, no length of time or labor of investigation can convert it into either chemistry or mathematics. All that I can do is to admit the fact as an ultimate effort of the human mind."

As this gentleman's fame is as widely extended as Protestant Christianity, I would indicate his name were it not, that to do so, would be a breach of conventional propriety.

In view of my discrimination in this case and those presented in my third chapter, is it reasonably possible that any respectable mind can doubt that I have discovered the remote cause of scrofulous forms of disease?

As some of my readers would probably like to learn how I arrived at the details of the preceding opinion, I will for their satisfaction indicate the process.

To discover or indicate that this gentleman and his wife were physiologically incompatible, and that their children would die prematurely by scrofulous forms of disease, from a description of her and an observation of him, was an easy matter, so easy a respectably endowed Miss of ten summers, can be taught to do the same. But to indicate the number of years the children would live with a fair promise of life and usefulness, and then the period at which they would respectively die, was, perhaps, too difficult for the accomplishment of most of even respectable minds, and fortunately such precision is not generally demanded by utility. It is however an accomplishment at which all professional physiologists should aspire.

In my second chapter I spoke of vital and non-vital conditions of humanity, and to it must refer for special information. In the preceding case the wife was a compound of a vital and a non-vital condition, but the former predominated. He was a compound of two vital conditions and one non-vital one, and the two former greatly predominated. Now if these vital and non-vital conditions respectively had been equal, they would still have had children, but they would have died in early infancy. I had therefore to estimate the life force, their vital excess of condition could produce, and estimate the length of time it would give life to the children. I decided that it would sustain them to the completion of their physical development, and then I allowed them from seven to nine years for decline and dissolution. If proper means had been adopted in childhood with these children for the development of their vital condition, they could have been made to live to the age of three score and ten years, I doubt not.

Confiscation and False Conservatism.

Now that no man, in his senses, has any doubt whatever of the speedy and irrevocable downfall of this rebellion, it is full time for us to begin to think seriously of how we are to square up accounts with the people who brought the whole country to so much grief and disaster. Certain it is that there are accounts to be settled, and those of a very serious nature; and while we are not of those who would go into the process of liquidation with any vindictive spirit, or—like SHYLOCK—furiously insist upon our "pound of flesh," we do think that we Northern people have been unnecessarily dragged into sufficient losses and misery already, without being subjected to future injustice, through any pseudo philanthropy to a slave-oligarchy.

There is a certain class of "conservative" men among us—truly honest and loyal, we have no doubt whatever—but who are so excessively conservative that they would keep their beloved idol—the Constitution—closely pent up, and deliberately watch it rot and fall away piecemeal before their eyes, before they would venture to preserve it by a little wholesome ventilation. As an inanimate object, they fondle and caress it, but only let it show the slightest symptoms of vitality, and they stand as aghast before it as did FRANKENSTEIN before the moving image of his own creation. At a period when the country was heaving in the very pangs of dissolution, and when the only thought uppermost in every true patriotic mind was how to save the country from instant death—we could not move one inch to the right or the left, suggest one single palliation, without being told by these conservative gentlemen that it was "against the Constitution." Even now, when the patient may be considered out of immediate danger, and we are wisely striving to find some means of avoiding a fatal relapse, every remedy that can be devised is "against the Constitution." Constitution forsooth! it seems precious wisdom to sustain a country's Constitution by first destroying a country's existence!

If these very conservative friends mean simply to say that this war being constitutionally prosecuted for the constitutional reinstatement of the United States Government, we should avoid all unconstitutional measures for the suppression and punishment of the rebellion, we entirely agree with them. But then comes the very open question, what is unconstitutional?

The Confiscation Bill, now under consideration, to appropriate the property of traitors to the Treasury of the United States, after trial and adjudication by Courts appointed for the purpose, is pronounced by many conservative men as unconstitutional. The whole matter revolves upon the simple query, Is it so?

The founders of the Constitution, seeing, with profound wisdom, that important controversies might arise, in which it would be necessary for Congress to

have the power of putting a construction upon the specific grants delegated to it, had the precaution to say, distinctly, that Congress shall have the power to do all things "necessary and proper," in providing for the common defense, in promoting the welfare and securing the liberty of the people. The war power was clearly a specific grant delegated to Congress; so was the power of suppressing rebellion; and, by virtue of the constructive power also delegated to it, if Congress should consider an act of confiscation of Rebel property "necessary and proper" for the welfare of the country, it clearly has a constitutional right to put it in force.

Does any one question that Congress has a Constitutional right, (in defense of the country,) to manufacture implements of war, to raise armies and navies, to shut up ports, to besiege or lay in ashes every city from Richmond to New Orleans, ay—if necessary—to destroy every particle of Southern produce, release every Southern slave, and kill every Southern traitor in arms against the Union? Clearly Congress has that right, under the Constitution. What an absurdity then it is to tell us that though we may do the greater we have no Constitutional right to do the less; that while we have a right even to kill every Rebel master, and manumit every slave belonging to them, we have no right to confiscate the latter!

The right of Congress to pass a bill of confiscation is, we think, beyond all question; but the expediency of such a measure is worthy of very grave considerations. If, on the one hand, we are urged to be generous, we must not forget that there is yet a more God-like attribute than generosity, and that is Justice. In thinking of the suffering that a confiscation act may entail at the South, we should remember the suffering that those who thus forfeit their property will have caused the innocent North, if that property escapes. We have no right to cast the whole burden of this hideous war upon the loyal and industrious people of the North, and allow its infernal instigators to escape Scot-free. Why should peaceful, labor-loving and guiltless Ohio be crushed to the dust with taxation, for the sake of being so generous and considerate for the slave property of Southern traitors?

If, again, it be urged that a confiscation bill will only tend to inflame the minds of the Southern masses, and destroy all possibility of reconciliation between the two sections, we can only say that a reconciliation can be of little worth which hangs upon so slender a thread. We must do justice though the heavens fall. But it is also very questionable if any leniency shown to the Rebel South, at the expense of the loyal North, would not be construed by the Rebels themselves far more into a sign of weakness than generosity,—and whether we should not, by such an act of misplaced liberality, be holding out a premium for wicked and ambitious spirits to renew, on the slightest pretext, the scenes

of sorrow and desolation which have so long defaced our country.

All the blood and treasure we have expended, the noble manhood sent to untimely graves, the millions of hearts that have been broken, will have been sacrificed in vain,—unless the authors of these hideous calamities receive such retribution as shall be a warning, for ever after, to any demons who would again invoke the horrors of civil war upon this continent.—[Cincinnati Times.

Is Man a Free Agent?

Can any being or thing be free, whose destiny, in every act or manifestation, is in obedience to natural and immutable law? Certainly not—all, all are bound by the laws of organization and relation to act in conformity to them, according to their inherent capabilities.

As well suppose that man can change his entire mental or physical nature at pleasure, by the mere exercise of his will, as to claim for him more freedom than pertains to the rest of creation. In fact, he must act, in all cases, as he is known to do; because all such action is in strict conformity with his capabilities, circumstances that prompt the action, and the laws of his being.

The caroling bird is just as free as man; because alike subject to definite laws of life. Its acts are also as rational as his, according to its needs and capabilities; notwithstanding man's boasted significance to the contrary.

But if man is not a free agent, where then is his accountability? Accountable for what? For acting as his capabilities irresistibly impel him to act, by the laws of his being? Suppose, for instance, that a man of ordinary strength of mind should say to himself, "To-morrow, I will by the mere force of my will become a philosopher, greater than a Newton or a Franklin; I will comprehend, with ease, every principle of Nature; I will fathom every seeming mystery, and realize the character of every truth—whatever is hid, shall be known." The morrow comes; and lo, his comprehension is the same. He can understand only to the same limited degree. He must be himself, and not another. He must ever conform to the laws and capabilities he possesses, however much he might wish to be like another. Every man or living creature lives and acts with as much precision and certainty as revolving systems; because a kindred part, subject alike, in every manifestation, to the natural and potential law.

MALLOW.

Free speech would at once disarm the despots of this Nation, North as well as South, and fill the land with freedom, peace, plenty and prosperity.—[Orson S. Murray.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
NEW REPUBLIC.

At a time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, heroism, self-sacrifice, charity, and the forgetting of all past differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambition, in one sublime, prayerful, determined, brotherly effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, prosperity, peace. How to conquer the rebels, is not all of the great problem that must be settled before there is any certainty that we, as a Nation, have anything in the future to hope for.

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MARGARET B. FLANDERS.

SOUTH GARDINER, Nov. 20, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with the bleeding, blind, and itching Piles for twenty-six years. I have consulted a number of physicians but found no relief until last Spring I commenced taking Dr. J. L. Lovell's medicine, and in three weeks I was relieved, and am now enjoying good health. I would recommend all that are troubled with Piles to call and see Dr. J. L. Lovell.

MARTIN WARD.

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AMANDA ESTES.

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This is to certify that we, the undersigned, having been under the treatment of L. J. Lovell, Clairvoyant Physician, do cheerfully recommend him to all invalids, both as a physician and a gentleman.

Mrs. GEO. BICKFORD,
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